

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"A's Bonny
At Hame"
Tel. Alex.
Trotter

TWO Sassenachs visited your mother and father, Telegraphist Alexander Trotter, and although they had some difficulty in understanding many of the typically Dumfries' expressions, they did understand that everyone at home was very fit and well!

Your parents keep busy in one way and another, and sister Agnes, after a full day's work on munitions, spends a major part of her spare time at home—and usually in front of the fire.

Your brother, John, in the Royal Army Pay Corps, now stationed in London, is pretty fit and making the best of things, in spite of his "poor opinion" of London!

Hughie Smith and Willie Killan were on leave last week, and both called to get news of you. Hughie, by the way, is a Petty Officer now.

Other frequent inquirers include members of the Physical Culture Club, "Jake's Bar" frequenters, the Abbey custodian, and neighbours.

Most of your intimate friends, of course, have gone away now, though your mother does see a few of them in the shops and around the town. She keeps them posted with news of you, and, as you will gather from your letters, she gleans the whereabouts of those away in the Forces.

Pat, your girl friend from Torquay, came up with her parents a few weeks ago, and she admitted that she had nursed a hunch that you might have been home. Pat had fun recalling pre-war days when she looked over the collection of pictures of local boys your mother has framed.

She also read all the letters

**The £.S.D.
OF IT**

The Dogs

THE dog is the friend of man, and he is happy to pay for his friendship. Breeding, showing, petting and feeding dogs is big business the world over in normal times.

At the outbreak of war, dogs were estimated to cost the world £200,000,000 a year, and dog-lovers thought it was cheap at the price.

Dog licences issued in Britain numbered about 3,000,000. That accounted for well over £1,000,000 a year spent by dog-lovers. The turnover of the

214

At Gleniffer, Gold Gorse signalled

Bloody Murder

By Stuart Martin

from the lads who, as kids, used to scrounge Mrs. Trotter's cakes, and who write to Renwick Bank from all parts of the world. Those chaps must think a lot of your mother, Alec; their letters are full of affection and respect.

Talking of letters, do you remember John Layden? He writes from an Indian jungle to give Dumfries a picturesque story of life in the raw. He says he is quite fit and having a good time.

Your mother wonders if you have seen the three monkeys again. She was referring to those animals at the depot ship where you used to go to see films.

All at home send their love to close the message. The postscript says: "We're getting lots of letters from you, son. Keep them coming; they mean so much."

ON Gleniffer Braes the gorse grows strong and furiously yellow.

It dances in the breeze—there is generally a breeze at Gleniffer—holds its head high in hot summer, threshes its prickly, thin arms frantically in a gale, signalling its sturdy temperamentalism in semaphore fashion. That is the word . . . signalling . . . signalling. And that is the colour . . . yellow . . . sometimes the gold of Heaven, but more often the yellow of treachery, of crime, of Yellow Jack, of Judas.

Just after 7.30 a.m. on July 27th, 1926, a gorse bush waved and waved and waved, its yellow bunting declaring a pestilential dreadfulness, announcing an accusation against the violation of a human being beside its roots. The signal was to four people climbing the hill. The quarantine flag leaped and flailed . . . and then was strangely still.

A hush fell on the Braes of Gleniffer and on the gorse bush. Two nurses and two men came towards that beckoning bush. They looked at it—and then drew back in horror.

Lying at its base was the body of one they knew, Nurse Euphemia Shannon Bryden, her overcoat covering the still form, her head enveloped in her knitted jacket.

One of the men lifted the jacket and cried aloud in a terrible voice. For Nurse Bryden's head and face had been battered almost out of all recognition.

From the yellow gorse bush some petals dropped limply on the dead nurse. Yellow for Judas!

They call it "whin" on Gleniffer Braes . . .

WE do not need to go farther back than twelve hours from that scene to know why Nurse Bryden came to be lying there, mutilated and dead, under the gorse bush. She was, twelve hours previously, young, pretty—of the happy, laughing type—one of the staff of Dykebar Asylum, Paisley.

On the previous evening there had been a picnic of nurses and other members of the staff to the Braes, which overlook the asylum grounds. It had been a merry party. The company had left the institution about 8 p.m. that summer's evening, and had stayed on the slopes until about 11 p.m.

At that time all returned to the asylum—all except Nurse Bryden and Robert Handley. For several weeks they had been "walking out" together. Handley was 22 years of age and was a male attendant at the institution.

At the gates of the asylum the party stood talking, expecting the nurse and Handley to join them, but about midnight, as the two had not made their appearance, they all entered the institution to go on duty. Nobody thought anything was amiss. Why shouldn't two lovers want to dally behind the crowd?

At 1 a.m. Handley returned alone and went to the room of a colleague named McLean, who at once remarked that there was blood on Handley's shirt front and that he was not wearing a collar.

To this Handley replied that his nose had unaccountably started bleeding profusely, and he had taken off his collar and tie.

Asked if Nurse Bryden was back, he said that she had gone to Barrhead to settle with a firm from whom a hall had been engaged for the party if it had been a wet evening. Then the two men went to bed, McLean accepting the explanation.

But early next morning Nurse Bryden was still absent, and at 7.30 two nurses and two male attendants set out to look for her. They took the route the picnic party had taken after the asylum grounds had been searched. Up till then the absence of the nurse had been a problem that was expected to solve itself quite naturally.

But on the Braes the four searchers found Nurse Bryden's handbag, then her hat, and then a tie that had been worn by Handley. The tie was lying beside a small pool of blood.

From that moment a "natural" explanation of the nurse's absence disappeared. Suspicion flared up. Tragedy hov-



ered. The gorse bush beckoned. The four searchers found Nurse Bryden. They carried the bruised, outraged, broken body to the institution of Dykebar.

In the meantime Handley had disappeared. He had borrowed a cap from McLean, and had walked out of a back door.

The police were called. They broadcast Handley's description; but before anybody could reply to that broadcast Handley walked into the town of Ayr and gave himself up to Constable Maclennan in the High Street. He was taken to the police station and charged with rape and murder.

So far everything was straightforward. There never was, even at the trial of Handley, any question as to who had committed the shocking crime. The person was never in dispute. Why, then, do I include it among the unsolved.

Because Mr. Craigie Aitchison, K.C., the brilliant lawyer who defended Robert Handley, reversed the usual legal methods and made the defence an attack. He demanded that the Crown prove that Handley was responsible for his actions. He lifted the accusation from the commonplace of law to the realms of psychology.

It was a surprise for the prosecution when the trial opened in Glasgow High Court on October 18th. There were 42 witnesses for the Crown and 13 for the defence. The Judge was Lord Ormidale. There was a jury.

Witness after witness spoke up for the Crown. Medical witnesses testified that Handley was, in their opinion, perfectly sane.

The prosecution even brought into court, as an exhibit, a block of turf. From the centre of that turf protruded a jagged rock, and it was explained to the jury that Handley had thrown the girl down and battered her face against the stone.

The Advocate - Depute (prosecutor) argued that "there was nothing to suggest that accused did not know what he was doing, did not know right from wrong, did not know that he was committing a criminal sexual assault."

Then came the defence attack. Mr. Aitchison had let the witnesses for the prosecution to speak. Now came his turn.

He proved that Handley had recently taken to drink. He quoted Dr. Bernard Hollander's "Psychology of Misconduct, Vice and Crime," where it is written: "I have seen insane patients, in whom I could date insanity, from the day they partook of alcohol." He brought evidence to show that Handley, when drunk, "had strange delusions and evil thoughts."

"Are those witnesses aware," he asked ironically, "that the prisoner has been in the habit of disdaining doors and entering the institution by climbing the drainpipes and crawling through windows; that two of his relatives, in an earlier generation, were both abnormal, and had been placed in a madhouse for attempting to throttle a woman?"

With uplifted finger, Mr. Aitchison told the jury there

were three verdicts possible. The first was Guilty. The second was Guilty but Insane, which would technically be an acquittal on the ground of insanity. The third (if they were not satisfied with insanity) was that through some abnormality the prisoner was guilty of rape and culpable homicide.

"Do not think," he cried, "that you can find the prisoner guilty and trust the authorities to respite the verdict. Two years ago a jury in England found a verdict of guilty against a poor, half-witted pantry-boy named Jacoby, and made a recommendation for mercy."

Here Mr. Aitchison paused, for he knew that public sympathy had been aroused in the Jacoby case.

And then he thundered: "That recommendation was put into the waste-paper basket. Although the foreman went to Buckingham Palace and moved heaven and earth to get that poor lad respite, no regard was paid. He was taken out and hanged in the name of Justice."

In a word, the defence-attack amounted to this: Counsel sought to prove that Robert Handley ought to have been an inmate of the asylum where he was an attendant!

Mr. Aitchison was clever enough to present the prosecution with a problem to save the defence from defending the crime! His attitude was: "This is admitted to be an abominable deed. But you must prove Handley was normal before you can hang him. And I say he was not normal. The onus is on you. We admit the act, but we do not admit the crime!"

Oh, it was VERY clever. Very. There is not a law in existence that can completely cover and solve a psychological problem. For there is no guilt where an act beyond human control is committed. There is no expert who can define, with final unquestionable accuracy, where the normal ends and the abnormal begins.

The jury, after the summing-up by Lord Ormidale, took half an hour to find their verdict. The foreman announced they had decided that Handley was "guilty of rape and culpable homicide."

His life was saved. He was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude!

Think what that verdict meant. The Jury were not satisfied with the plea of insanity, but, they believed there was "an abnormality" or weakness. It left the main question unsolved.

Is a jury of laymen competent to say when a man is a moral imbecile, or just a borderline case? And would Robert Handley have shown this abnormality if he had not "taken to drink"? Was it a drunk, or sober, or abnormal man who climbed into his room by the drainpipes?

Does sexual passion make a man abnormal? If that passion is inflamed by drink, does the possessor of that passion therefore escape from the full responsibility of his crime?

I leave these questions to you. How you solve them will decide whether Robert Handley was justly sentenced to fifteen years in prison, or whether he should have been hanged.



dog-breeders was estimated at £20,000,000 a year—the sum Britons were prepared to spend on buying a pet.

To-day, the number of dogs is very much smaller, but the turnover may not be so much. For the reduced number of dogs has meant an increase in from one to two hundred per cent. in price. It is naturally the best dogs that breeders have kept.

The dogs shown at Cruft's, the biggest of the Shows, averaged £250,000. The growth of this show from an entry of 100 sixty years ago to 10,000 in the £1,800, and a fox terrier for a year before the war, is the £1,500.

The estimated cost of feeding Britain's dogs was £15,000,000 a year. It varied from the

fraction of a penny cost of the "doggy" as Britain. In 1938, the mongrel fed on scraps, to the dog business was estimated to £1 a week estimated to be the cost of keeping a great dane.

The advent of greyhound racing saw hundreds of dogs kept in training at about £1 a week. 50,000 dogs were registered with the Grey-

hound Racing Association, 60,000 with the Kennel Club.

Kennels breeding pedigree dogs made mostly £1,000 to £5,000 a year.

A few made £10,000. To-day, almost any dog with a reasonable pedigree will make twice or three times the five guineas which was the pre-war average.

Greyhounds in the highest class fetch the largest sums most frequently, but the tip-top dog in any class is worth a fortune. £3,000 was refused from the U.S.A. for a champion bulldog, while a chow was sold for

£1,800, and a fox terrier for

a measure of the increase in popularity of dogs.

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stores alone sold £2,000,000

of dog foods. Railways

issued 11,000,000 dog tickets.

The 15,000,000 dogs in the

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HOW THE BRIGADIER RODE TO MINSK—PART IV CROP-EARED DOG!

"SILENCE YOU CROP-EARED DOG!"

By CONAN DOYLE

NEVER have I met such a brute as this man Sergine, who commanded the escort. The Russian army contains the best and the worst in the world, but a worse than Major Sergine of the Dragoons of Kieff I have never seen in any force outside of the guerrillas of the Peninsula.

He was a man of great stature, with a fierce, hard face, and a bristling black beard, which fell over his cuirass. I have been told since that he was noted for his strength and his bravery, and I could answer for it that he had the grip of a bear, for I had felt it when he tore me from my saddle.

He was a wit, too, in his way, and made continual remarks in Russian at our expense which set all his Dragoons and Cossacks laughing. Twice he beat my comrades with his riding-whip, and once he approached me with the lash swung over his shoulder, but there was something in my eyes which prevented it from falling.

So in misery and humiliation, cold and starving, we rode in a disconsolate column across the vast snow-plain. The sun had sunk, but still in the long northern twilight we pursued our weary journey.

Numb and frozen, with my head aching from the blows it had received, I was borne onwards by Violette, hardly conscious of where I was or whether I was going. The little mare walked with a sunken head, only raising it to snort her contempt for the mangy Cossack ponies who were round her.

But suddenly the escort stopped, and I found that we had halted in the single street of a small Russian village. There was a church on one side, and on the other was a large stone house, the outline of which seemed to me to be familiar. I looked around me in the twilight, and then I saw that we had been led back to Dobrova, and that this house at the door of which we were waiting was the same house of the priest at which we had stopped in the morning.

Here it was that my charming Sophie in her innocence had translated the unlucky message which had in some strange way led us to our ruin. To think that only a few hours before we had left this very spot with such high hopes and all fair prospects for our mission, and now the remnants of us waited as beaten and humiliated men for whatever lot a brutal enemy might ordain!

But such is the fate of the soldier, my friends—kisses to-

day, blows to-morrow. Tokay in a palace, ditch-water in a hotel, furs or rags, a full purse or an empty pocket, ever swaying from the best to the worst, with only his courage and his honour unchanging.

The Russian horsemen dismounted, and my poor fellows were ordered to do the same. It was already late, and it was clearly their intention to spend the night in this village.

There were great cheering and joy amongst the peasants when they understood that we had all been taken, and they flocked out of their houses with flaming torches, the women carrying out tea and brandy for the Cossacks.

Amongst others, the old priest came forth—the same

whom we had seen in the morning. He was all smiles now, and he bore with him some hot punch on a salver, the reek of which I can remember still. Behind her father was Sophie.

With horror I saw her clasp Major Sergine's hand as she congratulated him upon the victory he had won and the prisoners he had made. The old priest, her father, looked at me with an insolent face, and made insulting remarks at my expense, pointing at me with his lean and grimy hand.

His fair daughter Sophie looked at me also, but she said nothing, and I could read her tender pity in her dark eyes. At last she turned to Major Sergine and said something to him in Russian, on which he frowned and shook his head impatiently. She appeared to plead with him, standing there in the flood of light which shone from the open door of her father's house.

My eyes were fixed upon the two faces, that of the beautiful girl and of the dark, fierce man, for my instinct told me that it was my own fate which was under debate. For a long time the soldier shook his head, and then, at last softening before her pleadings, he appeared to give way. He turned to where I stood with my guardian sergeant beside me.

"These good people offer you the shelter of their roof for the night," said he to me, looking me up and down with vindictive eyes. "I find it hard to refuse them, but I tell you straight that for my part I had rather see you on the snow. It would cool your hot blood, you rascal of a Frenchman!"

I looked at him with the contempt that I felt.

"You were born a savage, and you will die one," said I. My words stung him, for he broke into an oath, raising his whip as if he would strike me. "Silence, you crop-eared dog!" he cried. "Had I my way, some of the insolence would be frozen out of you before morning!" Mastering his passion, he turned upon Sophie with what he meant to be a gallant manner. "If you have a cellar with a good lock," said he, "the fellow may lie in it for the night, since you have done him the honour to take an interest in his comfort. I must have his parole that he will not attempt to play us any tricks, as I am answerable for him until I hand him over to the Hetman Platoff to-morrow."

His supercilious manner was more than I could endure. He had evidently spoken French to the lady in order that I might understand the humiliating way in which he referred to me.

"I will take no favour from you," said I. "You may do what you like, but I will never give you my parole."

The Russian shrugged his great shoulders, and turned away as if the matter were ended.

"Very well, my fine fellow, so much the worse for your fingers and toes. We shall see how you are in the morning after a night in the snow."

"One moment, Major Sergine," cried Sophie. "You must not be so hard upon this prisoner. There are some special reasons why he has a claim upon our kindness and mercy."

The Russian looked with suspicion upon his face from her to me.

"What are the special reasons? You certainly seem to take a remarkable interest in this Frenchman," said he.

"The chief reason is that he has this very morning of his own accord released Captain Alexis Barakoff, of the Dragoons of Grodno."

QUIZ for today

1. A burro is a rabbit's home, gipsy, donkey, beggar, boring tool, young hare?

2. Who wrote (a) Pygmalion, (b) Pygmalion and Galatea?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Thrush, Blackbird, Goose, Woodpecker, Crow, Rook, Eagle?

4. On what river does Carlisle stand?

5. In what month do frogs and toads begin to spawn in England?

6. Where is the largest telescope in the world?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Peremptary, Munitment, Fastidious, Fasinating, Compacency.

8. What rank in the W.R.N.S. is equivalent to a Flying Officer in the R.A.F.?

9. Who is the Patron Saint of France?

10. What is the county town of Berkshire?

11. How many letters are there in the Russian alphabet?

12. Complete the phrases, (a) Rich as —, (b) Poor as a

Answers to Quiz in No. 213

1. Sweetheart.
2. (a) Guy Boothby, (b) Sax Rohmer.
3. Badminton is not a ball game; the others are.
4. Stour.
5. Roundheads.
6. Gorse.
7. Relieve, Manganese.
8. Air Commandant.
9. February.
10. 25.
11. Dorchester.
12. (a) A hunter, (b) Ditch-water.

13. NOW COME CLEAN, SISTER!—HOW ABOUT TELLING YOUR UNCLE HANK YOUR STORY?

OH, IT'S SO KIND OF YOU TO HELP ME, OFFICER!—YOU SEE, I WAS ESCAPING FROM A MAN WHO WAS MOLESTING ME!

I'VE BEEN WORKING AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSTEL AND I WAS ON THE WAY TO MY LODGINGS!—IF YOU'D GIVE ME A HAND WITH THESE HEAVY BAGS—

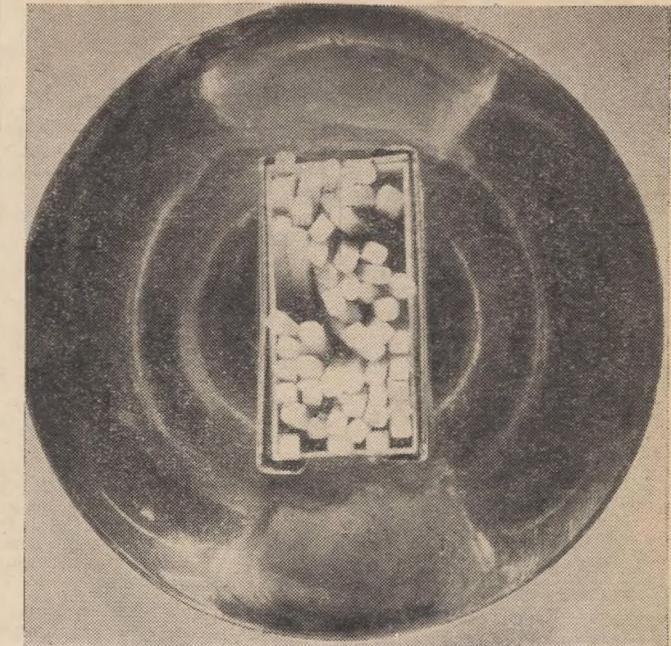
O.K. SISTER!—IT WON'T BE THE FOIST TIME A YANK HAS CONVOYED A BRITISH VESSEL TO PORT!

THIS IS THE ADDRESS I THINK!—THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR ESCORT!

FORGET IT, BABY!—HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE WITH ME SOME TIME?—NO GUY'D DARE TO MOLEST YOU IF YOU'RE IN MILITARY CUSTODY...

JANE

To-day's Picture Quiz



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 213: Vegetable Marrow.

"It is true," said Barakoff, who had come out of the house. "He captured me this morning, and he released me upon parole rather than take me back to the French army, where I should have been starved."

"Since Colonel Gerard has acted so generously, you will surely, now that fortune has changed, allow us to offer him the poor shelter of our cellar upon this bitter night," said Sophie. "It is a small return for his generosity."

But the Dragoon was still in the sulks.

"Let him give me his parole first that he will not attempt

to escape," said he. "Do you hear, sir? Do you give me your parole?"

"I give you nothing," said

"Colonel Gerard," cried Sophie, turning to me with a coaxing smile, "you will give me your parole, will you not?"

"To you, mademoiselle, I can refuse nothing. I will give you my parole, with pleasure."

"There, Major Sergine," cried Sophie in triumph, "that is surely sufficient. You have heard him say that he gives me his parole. I will be answerable for his safety."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—169

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TICUL, to make a word meaning jointed.

2. Rearrange the letters of BIG RED MAC, to make a university town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CORN into RICK, ALE into POT, CASH into DOWN, KING into JACK.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PROTOPLASM?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 168

1. REINSPIRE.
2. BIRKENHEAD.
3. MILK, BILK, BALK, BARK, BARS.

4. WHALE, SHALE, SHALT, SHANT, SLANT, PLANT, PLANS, CLANS, CLASS, CRASS, CROSS, CROPS, CHOPS, CHIPS.

5. NAVY, NAVE, SAVE, SALE, BALE, BARE, FARE, FORE, FORT, SORT, SOOT, SLOT, SLAT, SLAG, SLUG, PLUG, GOOD, HOOD, HOOT, BOOT, BOAT, DOAT, DRAT, DRAB, GRAB, GRUB.

6. TARE, RATE, TEAR, TALE, TATE, TAIL, LAVE, VALE, VEAL, RAVE, TILE, LIVE, VILE, EVIL, VEIL, ETC.

7. RELAY, VITAL, ALIVE, VILER, ALERT, LATER, TITLE, LIVER, TRAIL, TILER, RELIT, VALET, LAYER, LAITY, ETC.

ODD CORNER

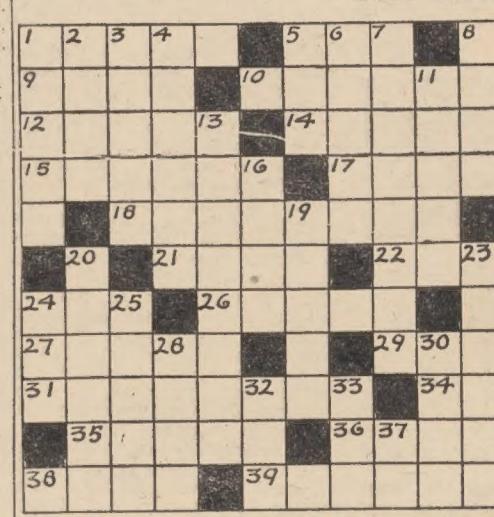
THE three "lions" on our national arms are really leopards, and they came to us from France. They belonged originally to Rollo, Duke of Normandy, to the country of Maine, and the Duchy of Aquitaine. The rampant lion, who supports the Royal Arms with the unicorn, was first used by Edward III, but the unicorn was brought to England from Scotland 250 years later by James I. Before the arrival of the unicorn,

our armorial zoo boasted successively an eagle, antelope, swan, bull, boar, dragon (from Wales), and greyhound.

The original Uncle Sam was Samuel Wilson, of Troy, New York, and he supplied meat to the troops in the war of 1812. The soldiers called the meat "Uncle Sam's Beef," and presently everything belonging to the Government became known as "Uncle Sam's." After Wilson's death, in 1854, the cartoonists got busy and produced the familiar figure.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



1 Audible stroke:

5 Conserve.

9 Musical addition.

10 Colloquial nonsense.

12 Trundies.

14 Immerse.

15 Number.

17 Talk.

18 Commented.

21 Wander.

22 Upholstery fabric.

24 Mark at cabbage.

26 Horizontal.

27 Old violin.

29 Bark.

31 Table game.

34 Exist.

35 Corrupt.

36 Sussex river.

38 Piquancy.

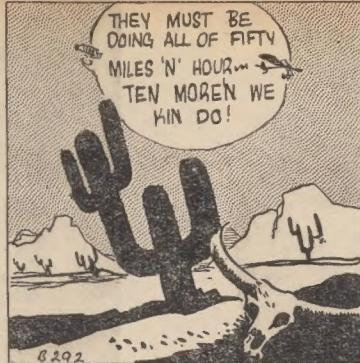
39 Stores.

PROPOSE VIM
LHIVE DONE
AM TAPE LEA
SOW LANTERN
TOIL LIE T
INLET DAVID
C TAIL PEAR
A REASON O
SCAN NOTION
IMPEDED ARE
PEER SAILED

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Miser.
- 2 Fleece.
- 3 Loafer.
- 4 Tray.
- 5 Sail.
- 6 By surprise.
- 7 Maternal.
- 8 Sharpen.
- 10 Colour variety.
- 11 Colour.
- 12 Stage show.
- 13 Grains for pudding.
- 14 Sharpener.
- 15 Hub.
- 19 Suflice.
- 20 Take away.
- 23 Musicians.
- 24 Shin-guard.
- 25 Pastimes.
- 28 Colour slightly.
- 30 Border upon.
- 32 Former.
- 33 Undermine.
- 37 Suflice.

BEEZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



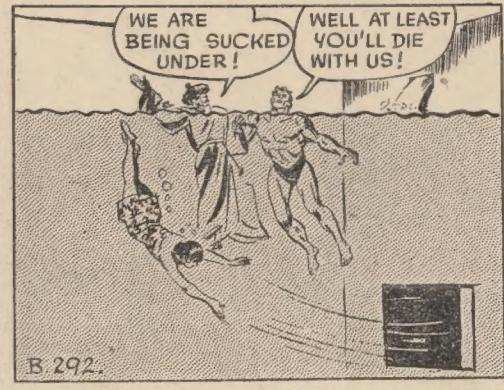
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PEER BOILED HIMSELF TO HEALTH

By Ronald Garth

"LORD ROKEBY is boiling himself to death!" cried one of the villagers of Mount Morris, in Kent. The inhabitants tore across the fields to Rokeby Hall.

For weeks the gossips had been intrigued by the eccentricities of the man who had succeeded to the Rokeby estates on the death of his father.

Lord Rokeby had not only allowed the once lovely gardens of Rokeby Hall to run wild, but had also given his cattle and sheep the run of the terraces and grounds.

But boiling himself alive—this was surely carrying eccentricity too far!

Up at the Hall the servants were in a state of flustered panic. The men had armed themselves with buckets of cold water and were jostling each other at the kitchen door. From within came an angry voice: "Leave me alone."

"My lord, you're killing yourself!"

"I'll boil if I want to," retorted the thoroughly incensed lord.

But the servants could stand it no longer. They dashed forward and flung their weight against the stout oak door. It burst open, and the anxious servants emptied their buckets of water into the bath.

"You've ruined my bath!" cried the peer.

Lord Rokeby was a health crank, and one of his many strange theories was that perfect health was impossible without the aid of very hot water.

Before his time, men had looked upon slightly warm baths as a necessary ordeal to be endured occasionally for the purpose of removing dirt.

Lord Rokeby was the first to say, "Hot baths are good for me!"

He believed in increasing the bath temperature with every ablution, until his servants were stoking up the fires for hours beforehand, and the whole house became like a furnace.

He would lie in a contraption like a tank, smiling blissfully as he rapidly grew more and more like a lobster.

This eighteenth-century peer was peculiar in other ways. Once he decided on a rigorous course of sea-bathing, and built himself a small bath hut on the shore at Hythe, in Kent.

Even in his dress he was eccentric. More than one layer of clothes he considered unnatural. His beard, however, may have helped to keep him warm, for he allowed it to grow till it reached well past his waist.

Water, both externally and internally, was his god. He drank it in preference to wine, beer or milk.

In order to encourage a liking for water among the villagers, he built a number of ornate fountains all over his estate. And if he saw a man drinking at one of them he displayed his pleasure by giving him money.

If anyone dared to contradict him he flew into a rage, and was only to be "cooled" by taking a hotter bath than usual.

Despite his strange health method, Lord Rokeby lived to be 87!

Solution to Film Actors in No. 213.

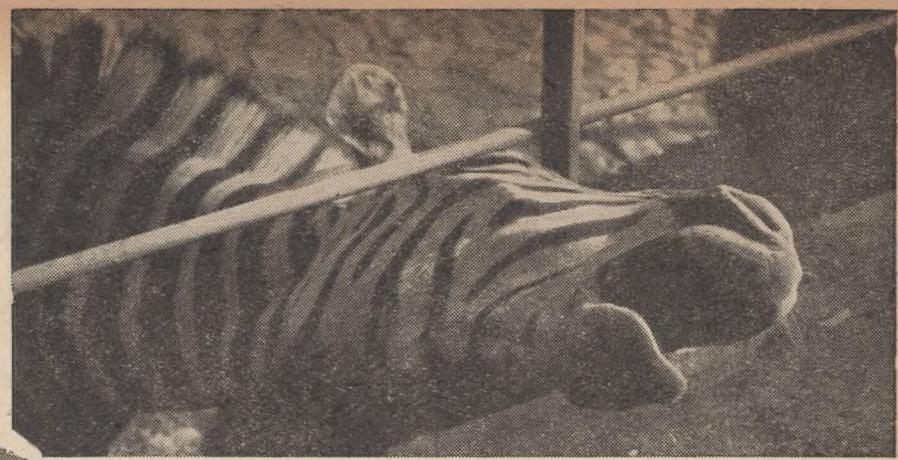
S A N D E R S
D O U G L A S
M I L L A N D
D O N L E V Y
C H A P L I N
H A Y W A R D
A S T A I R E



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

INTRODUCING
A VERY PROUD
MOTHER



BARS AND STRIPES



Sheep rounded up and a good day's work done. No wonder the shepherd looks pleased and his dog wears a look of serene content.



Actually IN London. A quiet retreat amidst the silver birch on Putney Heath, London.

This England



I've slipped again
Mummy, but I
WILL climb the
hill

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ah . . .
youthful
exuber-
ance."

